Petro. Wee will
Bian. Do you deliuer it now.
Siuia. Pray sett me vp; —
there, Rowland, all thy old loue back, and may
a new to come exceed mine, and be happie.
I must no more.
Row. farewell.
Siui. A long farewell. — Exit Rowland.
Bian. Leaue her by anie meanes, till this wild passion
be off her head,
a day hence you may see her; t'will be better,
she is now for little companie.
Petro. Pray tend her.
I must to horse straight, you must needs along too
to see my Sonne abord, were but his wife
as fitt for pitty as this wench, I were happy.
Bian. Time must doe that too, farewell, to morrow
you shall receiue a wife to quight your sorrow. — Exeunt.

Enter Jaques & Pedro; Porters with a trunke and hampers.

Jaqu. Bring em away, Sirs.
Pedro Must the great trunke goe too?
Jaq. Yes, and the hampers, nay be speedie masters,
heel'be at sea before vs else.
Pedro O Jaques
what a most blessed turne hast thou
Jaq. I hope so.
Pedro To haue the sea betweene thee and this woman,
nothing can drowne her tongue but a storme.
Jaqu. By your leaue,
weele get vs vp to Paris with all speed

for on

for on my word as far as Amiens
sheele cary blanck; away to Lyon key,
and ship them presently; weel follow ye.
Pedro Now could I wish her in that trunke.
Jaq. Heauen shield man:
I had rather haue a beare in't.
Pedro. Yes. Ile tell thee
for in the passage if a tempest take you,
as manie doe, and you ly beating for it,
then if it pleasd the fates, I would haue the Master
out of a carefull prouidence, to cry
lighten the ship of all hands, or we perish,
then this for one as best spared should by all means
ouer bord instantly.
Jaques. A that condition
so we were certaine to be rid of her,
I woold wish her with vs, but beleeue me Pedro
shee would spoile the fishing on this coast for euer,
for none would keepe her companie but dog fish
as currish as her selfe; or porpisces
made to all fatall vses; the 2 fish-streets
were shee but once arriud among the whitings
would sing a woefull Miserere, Pedro,
and mourne in poore John, till her memory
were cast a shore againe with a strong sea-breach
she would make god Neptune and his fire forke,
and all his demi gods and goddesses
as weary of the flemish channell, Pedro.
as euer boy was of the schoole, 'tis certaine
if shee but meete him faire, and were well ang'rd
she would breake his God-head.

Pedro. O hir